

# ROLLER DERBY

THE LAST DREGS OF WINTER '92

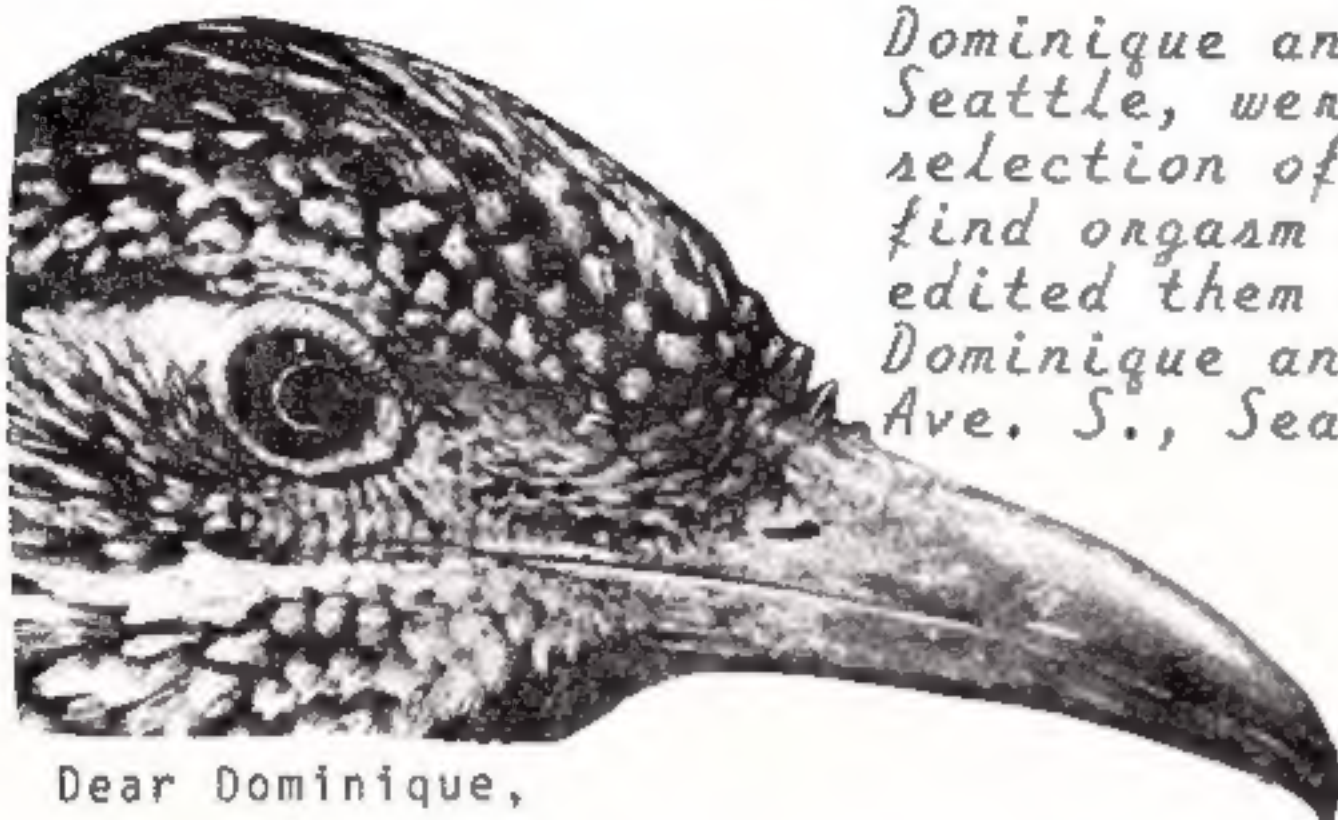
ISSUE NO. 5 \$2



The Most Beautiful Woman in the World



# THE GLOBAL VILLAGE OF S&M



*Dominique and Joey, High Priest and Priestess of Seattle, were kind enough to share with us a selection of their correspondence. Since I don't find orgasm scenes all that interesting, I've edited them out. Hope you don't mind too much. Dominique and Joey can be reached at: 3900 24th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98108-1504.*

Dear Dominique,

When I picked up my mail and saw your letter, my heart was thumping loud enough for the postal employees to hear! --J.F.

(Enclosed:) When I came close to her, I could tell right away she wanted only to get away. Her whole life as a slave had probably been focused on staying out of the way. She was tall, perhaps six feet.

Slender, but she had a real ass. I bet she had been trained to take asshole penetration, and her little cheeks hid a stretchable, loose butt tunnel. Her nipples were a glory, long, hard and red, topping small but shapely breasts.

"You shouldn't have tried to escape."

"I know," the slave whimpered. "The other girl talked me into it. She thought we could fight you off if you caught us. She likes to fight."

"Well, we'll have to take care of that little character flaw now won't we?"

I moved closer, prodding various parts of the slave's frame. She began to squirm and moan a bit. My fingers found her asshole -- I had been right; three fingers slipped easily into her butt. From my pack I took out a coil of thin, high-tense steel chain and a soft leather collar. She didn't struggle as I snapped it around her graceful throat. I undid the manacles, and she rubbed her wrists and stretched her legs. I pulled her close for a second, smelled her musky odor, then bore down where the chain met the collar, forcing her to her knees. My dick was out, hard as an oak limb. She was well trained: with no hesitation her lips surrounded the tip of my cock. Her mouth was smooth and warm. After she had nibbled a bit, I placed my hand on the back of her head as a sign to suck in earnest. Her lips spread across the vermilion flesh, making a red O. When I reached the end of her mouth, I tightened my grip and pushed on, deeper and deeper, past the base of her throat, into a tight wet darkness. Her eyes popped slightly, and she made a little snort with her nose. Her throat relaxed, and I slipped

in 'till my pubic hairs tickled her lips. Her head and neck were literally impaled on my prick. Then I pulled out and used my cock as a club in my hand, slapping one side of her face and then the other, as she tried in vain to get it in her mouth. At each slap, she whimpered slightly and twisted her mouth toward the tip.

"What should we do to punish your friend? You tell me." Before she could answer, I stuffed my dick back in, and she sucked avidly. For the next few minute, I mouthfucked her while asking her a question, and then would pull my dick out so she could answer. She got really turned on by the rhythm of the questions and cock-sucking. "Let's tie her to a tree," she answered when I finally let her. "We'll get some branches and whip her cunt."

"You better come up with something better than that, or I'll have her tell me what to do to you."

"I don't know..." She looked at me with that confused look slaves get sometimes when they're afraid, but the fear is exciting. "Uh...we can like hang her by the tits. Yeah, with rope. We can hang her by her big floppy tits and let her swing, and beat her."

"I like your ideas, though they're pretty usual. Listen, slut -- you better start getting more creative. I'll give you anything you need, equipment or anything."

"OK. Let's put her in a dungeon, upside down on a tilt table. And posed above her cunt are some rose bush canes. Long ones...maybe six or seven tied together, with the thorns all sticking out...wound together, twisted into a pole. And then we have them weighted or spring loaded so they are kept out of her cunt by the tension of a rope. The rope goes over a pulley and is tied to a big leather butt plug. And we push the plug up her asshole and tell her to hold it in, 'cause if she lets it go, the canes go into her cunt...."

"That's good so far, slut. Now lick the tip of my dick. Harder. Swirl that little pink tongue around the head. Mmm, yeah. Tell me more...."



Scorpions perform a dance during which the male deposits his sperm, then drags the female over a stick, and as soon as she has aspirated the stuff, she attacks and, if lucky, devours him. - Allure

For Dominique:

Happy ☺ I feel with you. Good to with you. Hot and bothered.... You bring me something **PUNK & SWEET**, yet wearing leather... I don't know. I need it. My mind holds onto thoughts of you the way a room holds dust.



(unsigned) ← well, actually, the name is cut off.



Dear Dominique & Joey,

Thank you so much for your letter and wonderful photos. I am very pleased that you have allowed me to serve you and to be trained into being your woman.

You leave orders that I am to be dressed as a maid and that the house is to be cleaned and in order on your return. I put on the maid uniform along with a black garter belt and dark hose and black high heels. I work into the afternoon, but then I turn on the t.v. and watch a soap opera. I don't hear Joey come in. She finds me in front of the t.v., and is very angry. She leaves the room, and returns with several silken sashes. Joey tells me that I have been very naughty. She takes me by the ear and marches me to a stool, which she bends me over, and she ties my arms and legs to it. My bottom is in the air. She pulls down my lacy white panties and spansks me with a hair brush. She says this is what happens to naughty girls. Just then, Dominique comes home. He is furious that the house is not spotless. Joey explains what happened. Dominique tells me, "You have acted like a naughty male today. I am going to show you what it is to be a woman, my woman." Dominique brings his beautiful cock to my lips. He instructs me how to kiss and lick it. Joey puts on a strap-on dildo and I feel her enter me. I am sucking on Dominique's wonderful cock, and I feel Joey pumping inside me. I am so excited...

(unsigned)

← SWINGERS UNTO THE DEATH!

Joey and Dominique  
cruise the shore

...



# CMJ MUSIC MARATHON®



*The annual four-day CMJ Music Marathon is, next to the New Music Seminar, the biggest event for A&R people looking to be told who's hot, for bands trying to look hot for A&R people, and for journalists willing to pay up to \$235 so they can look hot to readers of their fanzine by writing in a chatty tone about the famous A&R people they saw and the free samples they got.*

*We sent Roving Rollendenby Reporter Vicky Wheeler to investigate the phenomenon.*

Robert Nedelkoff was at the CMJ thing in NYC this past week and everybody I introduced him to was asked if they were related to somebody else who has their last name or else they were grilled about the ethnic origins of their last name. My favorite thing about Robert is that once you introduce him to somebody, you can escape all conversational pressure and there will never be any dead air because Robert will fill all of it. He will also enhance near-by conversations because everybody within a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile radius will start listening in.

Robert was all over the place, like I was saying, and he kept telling a story of how Byron Coley claimed to have been born in New York City but Robert said that No, he (BC) was born in Paramus, NJ. Robert said it was a huge insult and that Byron was surely very upset. Byron threw a beer into the air outside of CBGBs and it landed right on me and got me all wet and sticky. Then he came charging in my general direction howling, "WHERE'S THE BEER? WHERE'S THE BEER?" And I said, "I'm wearing your beer, clown." He didn't believe me so I showed him my beer-soaked hat which he started sucking. Right about then I introduced myself and he showed me pictures of his little boy, who looks about two years old maybe and is called Hudson and is really cute. Then he and Tom Haselmeyer started charging through the crowd of people who were all standing around outside drinking beer from across the street since those ones are only a dollar but CB charges like FOUR BUCKS (obviously for the atmosphere). Tom was heading for my friend Shannon and Shannon accused him of being "built like a fucking pit bull." Byron's feet were bleeding and he peed on a car/on his pants and I never heard if he made it to wherever he was staying okay. I'm sure that if he did live through the night he won't remember how much fun he was having.



## KEY:

**ROBERT NEDELKOFF:** Gossip Columnist (pictured above)

**BYRON COLEY:** Assistant editor for a magazine with a circulation of almost 20,000, and possessor of a name that, when dropped, causes music attempts everywhere to gasp with hope.

**TOM HASELMAYER:** Although I continually hear his name being bandied about, Tom is considered so famous in the scene that no one feels the need to clarify who he is or what he does, so I don't know.

*Vicky asked me to make sure I didn't make her look "too mean", so I guess I should say that everything in cursive is by me, Lisa Carven, your devoted editor.*



# MORE CELEBRITY GOSSIP...



GG Allin

Photo: Katon

GG Allin takes up in Flipside Number 75 the Henry Rollins question where letter-writer Greg Hagen left off: "Fuck the Gap. Fuck all of the Corporate phonies. All you're doing Rollins is playing into the hands of the conformists of the industry. You are a disgrace to the r&r underground..." Oh, am I embarrassed that I once thought myself in love with GG -- he's a goofball! So someone named Mr. Rollins took one hour out of his day to wear a t-shirt and pose for the camera. And? I'm sure Mr. Rollins has long since forgotten this one hour of his life. GG must be made of feathers if resisting the temptation of the Gap ad to cease "shopping at the Salvation Army where a t-shirt still only costs 50 cents" calls for such an upheaval of might.

Oh my goodness, the fantasies I had about this Mr. Allin! I thought he was dangerous. I still haven't gotten over the fact that he PUT OFF a suicide promise, **now** I find out that my hero not only has the time and the inclination to flip through these magazines Spin (where the infamous ad lay) and Flipside, but he also takes them seriously.

Oh, when will I find TRUE love?

-LC

## ALEX CHILTON

You asked about Alex Chilton. Funny you did cos last Saturday, Dawn & I spent a weird drunken evening with the acne-scarred man himself. This awful band, the Grundies, were playing downtown & he showed up, as usual, making a scene as he waltzed in. You know, "Never fear, Alex is here, lay-deeees...." He is really fun to talk to -- very intelligent, funny & nice, but he is still a pathetic character. He assumed that because Dawn & I were sitting with him, we wanted to go home with him for a little fun with three. This is a quote: "If you girls stick around, you might score just yet." Ssssss. Anyway, he lives here & basks in adulation from nearly every subculture of this city. It's too strange. While we were drinking with him, this Venezuelan woman was sticking her breasts in his face and saying, "So, I 'ear you eez a muzeecian...." He just bummed her cigarettes & we smoked 'em. He can't live a normal life because he is probably the hugest myth I know of. We didn't really talk about his music, except when he was telling us about this Italian singer known as the Italian Rebel, & then he started singing this Italian song to us. The more I think about it, it was really sad. This friend of the Venezuelan chick said, "Come home and I'll play you some Alex Chilton and you will **KNOW** him."

--Kristin Young, Memphis

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Actually, her face, on the day I took the photo for this issue's cover, was not up to its usual splendiddness. But I liked her best that way: un-made-up, un-necklaced, un-dressed-up. I could, in my mind, add any color to her abundant lips, clasp any choker to her neck, press any dress against her shoulders (tinged green by her neon slide tray.)

After she would laugh her gigantic laugh, her heavy lower lip would linger down below, forgetting to rejoin the upper half of the mouth. This, along with her black, glittering eyes, made her look retarded (she was, in fact, brilliant). It was oddly attractive.



# POLL RESULTS

## 1. Most embarrassing drunk story ↘



At Cal Poly San Luis Obispo there was this bar that gave you a free t-shirt that says "I Ate the Worm" if you drink five tequila shots with worms, and a long sleeve if you drank ten. One night my roommate came in with this card with three stamps on it and said, "I just need two more for a shirt." I said, "Why didn't you just drink five tonight?" and he said because the worm fucks you up and I said that was bullshit and that I would drink ten. So this guy, Luigi, tells me he'd pay to see me do it and I said fine, even though I already had some Southern Comfort. We went to the bar and I hated the place and I don't even like tequila, so I just wanted to get it over with. Luigi had homework to do too. So I drank the five really fast. After explaining to the waitress I wasn't driving and getting an okay from the owner, I ordered five more. I drank three and then danced with this "girl" cause she said it was her 25th B-day. I don't dance well. I drank the ninth and tenth, and the owner came out with the shirt and shook my hand. Luigi said he was disappointed because he thought I would get more fucked up. I said, "Me too. Get me another five." And that is the last thing I remember. The rest of this is just what people told me. I drank two or three more, and Luigi decided it was time to get me out of there. By the time we got to the door I couldn't walk, so he got two guys to help get me to the car. I passed out on the way back to the dorms. Luigi ran in to get people to carry me. When he came back I was outside the car talking to the dirt, so they took pictures. When they tried to pick me up I started telling everybody to fuck off and said I could walk by myself, but they carried me anyway. I screamed at them and everyone was laughing. Everyone came out of their room to watch. After a long time, I finally puked on the floor. They found six worms and put them on my desk. They put me in bed and wrote me a poem and took pictures. I got hassled a lot after, and there were worm jokes for months. I didn't wear my t-shirt for a long time. They stuck the photos on the bulletin board just in case anybody missed it.

--Aaron Probe, Journalist

*I like this, so  
I'll print more  
answers next issue.  
Tell me everything.*

POBox 1491 Dover, NH 03820

Came home & french-kissed  
Gracie, our dog, on front  
porch. Actually pretty  
pleasant.

--A. Montgomery

Was found in Beverly Hills with  
a machete and my camera around  
my neck by the police. I was  
in Cathay de Grande in Holly-  
wood and don't remember how I  
got the ten or so miles from  
there. My belongings were  
found on Fairfax about  
halfway between.

--Dante Larsen

2. Cutest guy on the scene (maybe you  
don't need to answer this one---we all  
know Tod Ashley will win hands down.)  
I want to see a picture of Tod Ashley.  
What can I say -- Aaron Probe  
--Ace Backwards, Comic

Tad

--Eric Scott

**DEADLINE FOR  
NEXT POLL:  
14 FEBRUARY '92**

## 3. Best pet story

Don't tell me about feeding LSD to  
your pet - stuff like that just gets  
my blood pressure up.

4. Weirdest thing about your body  
Just about every single guy that  
wrote in complained about a  
slightly curved penis. So I guess  
you straight-dicked fellows out  
there should start worrying.



5. Most annoying habit your roommate has

Never puts the soap back in the soapdish. The soap will always be in the soapdish when he gets it, but he'll put it everywhere except back in the soapdish. Sometimes he will put the soap right along side the soapdish. But he will never put it in the soapdish. Why won't he put the soap back in the soapdish???

--Ace Backwards

Anything he says.

--Eric Scott

6. Most urgent need to make a bowel movement when there's no restroom in sight story

In eighth-grade, I went snow camping. I had never been in snow before, so I really was unaware of its attributes. I decided to shit in a big pile of snow on a hill. I leaned over to shit down the hill, then I fell, bare-assed, into the pile of snow & shit, and couldn't get up. Finally a friend came to the rescue.

--Occupant, Wash. Dc

7. Most degrading ~~7th grade~~ experience ~~ever~~

8. Cruellest act you've ever committed

You won't believe this, but after thinking it over, I think the cruelest thing I ever did was one morning I turned on the shower with a spider in the tub. I knew it would die, but for a split second I didn't give a fuck and turned it on anyway. I felt bad because usually I take them out first. I know that might not seem too cruel, I mean I've been in fights and stuff before, but that's different.

--Aaron Probe

Toby the half wit passed out, so we dipped his hands in bowls of water and watched with glee as he pissed his pants. Next morning he denied vehemently that he had done that. When confronted with recriminating evidence of soiled trousers and still soggy couch, he came to deep realizations about life and his place in it.

--Ace Backwards

a.) John Bennett and I filled a gallon milk jug with gasoline, buried it up to its neck in sand, and lit it. It burned unimpressively, like a candle. However, we noticed that if we stepped down on the sand packed around the milk jug, it would blow flames and gas a few feet into the air. Just as we made this discovery, John's older brother Alan came into view, walking towards us.

"Stomp that fire out!" I yelled. Underestimating out cruelty, he complied, even though he suspected us. He ran to the fire and jumped onto it with both feet. Flames shot fifteen feet into the air, engulfing Alan.... We laughed for a second before realizing that we should probably help poor Alan, who was now a human torch running away from us and screaming. We ran after him, rolled him in sand, and threw him into the

## CRUELTY continued...

swimming pool. He didn't get any severe burns, just red skin, a few blisters, the buttons on his shirt melted, and much of his hair, once straight, had shriveled into a sort of perm with tiny zig-zags.

Alan was fine, but John -- ever true to his fire fixation (we used to set our bicycles and pets on fire), was himself consumed by flames later that summer. He was flying a kite that was attached to a fishing rod by a thin metal wire. A power line happened to send 12,000 volts through him. The spark, exiting his body through his feet, set the field he was in on fire.

b.) Once Melissa closed her eyes and let me lead her around as we went on a walk. I steered her toward a parked van. She smashed face-first into it, cried, and said she would never trust me again.

c.) Whenever Melissa wears high-heels, I secretly steer her toward storm grates.

-- Matt Jasper

Tying a girl up and sticking assorted objects in her ass; fingers, pencils, broomsticks, itching powder, etc.

--Eric Scott

*Please remember to send photos/illustrations along with your answers whenever possible. Thanks.*

9. Song that makes you cry-(Tell why.)

10. What you like best about Queen Latifah



Her fucking pillbox hat.

--Robt. Nedelkoff

This amazing rhyme, which blows Tristan Tzara away: "You see, easy love is something that I ain't/and I don't know you from a can of paint."

--L. Carver, Housewife

She's a lady.

--Occupant



# WELCOME CHAMP



**RICHARD RAND**  
**DOVER, N.H.**



**AKRON, OHIO**  
**AREA CHAMBER *of* COMMERCE**



**MATT JASPER interviews RICHARD RAND**



RD: Hi, I'm calling from Rollerderby magazine. It's a small music magazine in Dover. We saw some of your flyers on a telephone pole and thought we should interview you, if you think that would be a good idea.

RR: I'm interested, very interested, because I've been under a lot of stress and pressure due to my being in this cybernetic computer system without contract or prior knowledge. I'm a species of Homo sapien and the satellite focuses in on my thought broadcasts thus enabling it to automatically track me.

RD: That must be quite a burden, to live with that.

RR: It is a hardship. There's been a hoax funeral. A good friend of mine--Lisa Ann Burnette. And there also has been an abduction of another woman that I met in Lawrence. Lisa Ann Burnette's funeral was on August 28, 1989. It was a closed casket funeral. A few days later I was aware that I was in a Cybernetic Computer System. I did not know specifically that it was a communications satellite but I had a room in Lawrence and I was writing a paper when all of the sudden I could hear Lisa Ann's voice speaking the words I was writing on the paper. This paper was relevant to experiences I had with the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory as early as 1980.

CLASSIFIED AD

July 3, 1991

Sponsor, Venture capitol or long-term promisory note up to 1 million dollars wanted. These monies will be used to dismantle a "Cybernetic Computer System" and for receiving remuneration for plagiarized thought broadcast.

The Cybernetics Computer System includes a communications satellite, a laboratory in Lawrence, Massachusetts and myself, without contract or prior knowledge.

**PLEASE CONTACT RICHARD W. RAND, 1963 NEW HAMPSHIRE SOAP BOX DERBY CHAMPION**

RR: I went out to Bethesda Naval Medical Hospital and I had an open wound on my right leg that I got because I impacted my heel and taped it up with athletic tape that, because of the friction while I was walking, caused an open wound. I was aboard the nation's number one transit system when a woman boarded the subway and said, "We have lost the feedback loop." The feedback loop is the communication satellite feeding back to me from that lab in Lawrence. That subway went so far below the ground level, beneath the buildings, that they lost the feedback loop. My body was part of putting this Cybernetic Computer System together.

RD: Did you ever visit the laboratory?

RR: No, just through my experiences. I believe it was at 248 Broadway. There's a man... I named these people... Like Lisa Ann Burnette, my long time friend, after she went through the hoax funeral on August 28, 1989. After that time I named the woman I became friends with a "Sadistic Lisa Ann." I recognized her voice being propagated in my direction. There is also a man who lent his voice. I call him "Sadistic Bob." I name the corporation the "Cybernetic Computer Systems Group". It is a pseudo name for a real corporation that is doing these things to me--embezzling my thought broadcasts, marketing them, and selling them to other corporations thus making a windfall profit.

RD: How do you think the Cybernetic Computer System can be dismantled?

RR: I sent out pamphlets to Senator Joseph Biden of the Senate Judiciary Committee, to Senator Edward Kennedy, and to the two senators from New Hampshire--Bob Smith and Warren Rudman. I sent these out about two weeks ago

and still haven't received a reply yet.

RD: Will the fight be difficult?

RR: I'm under a lot of stress. Do you remember the diagram of my body?

RD: Yes.

RR: The thing is that they can propagate synthesized tones back to earth. I don't know how they did it but they had mapped out my body with the synthesized tones--accessing the neurons and neurotransmitters and synapses in my brain. With this technique they can cause aggravated pain in my body.

RD: They control this with satellites?

RR: The satellite is used as a feedback loop. It propagates not only the synthesized tones but also there are voice frequencies from that laboratory in Lawrence. They simply have an RF transmitter and microphone in that lab. The satellite takes that RF energy and converts it into propagated voice frequencies that can be heard without need of an electronic device such as a radio.

RD: Do they usually broadcast your thoughts unaltered?

RR: When they propagate it back to me it is not my thoughts. If they are angry, which they often are, they will say, "Richard Rand, you're dead meat." Or, back in March of 1990 when I was at the SPU in Concord Hospital, this woman employee who I called a "Sadistic Lisa Ann" also said, "Richard Rand, you are going to regret that you were ever born."

RD: This is quite an operation. Why do you think they are doing it?

RR: I think the motive is that they are trying to terminate my life in an effort not to be exposed to the American Citizens and law enforcement agencies.

RD: I'm sorry to hear that. Though now that you have gone public by posting flyers and being interviewed, I don't think they would kill you because of all the publicity they would get. I'd say they missed their opportunity to get at you before this interview, and that now they are exposed. What is the worst thing they have ever tried to do to you?

RR: One instance is that a Garrity Lumber Company truck, on the morning of May 9th, 1990, went by me on North Main Street and the truck driver released the air brakes as it went by and the percussion caused a trickle of blood from my nose.

RD: How do they sell your thought broadcasts?

RR: It's all clandestine. I do want this Cybernetic Computer System dismantled and I am looking for restitution and remuneration for the wealth that has been created through the marketing of my broadcasts. I sent an inquiry down to NASA at Cape Kennedy but have not received a reply. I did receive a reply to my writings to the Securities and Exchange Commission. They needed more information. I sent that and did not receive a reply. I received a reply from the Federal Communications Commission stating that they did not feel that it was within their jurisdiction. I do feel that it was and is within their jurisdiction, that what has happened to me could happen to anybody, and that they have failed in their duty to protect the public.

RD: Have you ever tried to bypass the System by selling your own thoughts directly?

RR: I wrote two poems. One is called "Peer Group Woman." It's about a woman employee of the Prudential Insurance Company who was abducted on her way to night school at Merrimack College in North Andover. The other poem is called "It's A Brand New Day of Dawn." I sent those to Hallmark but a woman employee of Hallmark replied and suggested that I go to a library and do some research on publishing companies and communicate with them.

RD: We would love to see the poems... What kind of jobs have you had?

RR: I enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1964 when I was seventeen years old and studied electronics for three years until I was given a hardship discharge because we had a store and my brother was diagnosed as having Hodgekin's disease, which he



# DANIEL JOHNSTON

"this is music with a moral, kind of like Oscar Wilde's fairy stories; listen carefully and you could become a better person...these are songs of intensity and passion with some of the prettiest melodies you'll ever hear" -Melody Maker

"Johnston's songs are never less than straight-ahead pop, with lyrics that range from charming, to touching, to downright brilliant" -Bay Guardian

"this is life on the line in the first person  
--Sounds

## HOMEMADE CASSETTES FROM A LEGENDARY SONGWRITER



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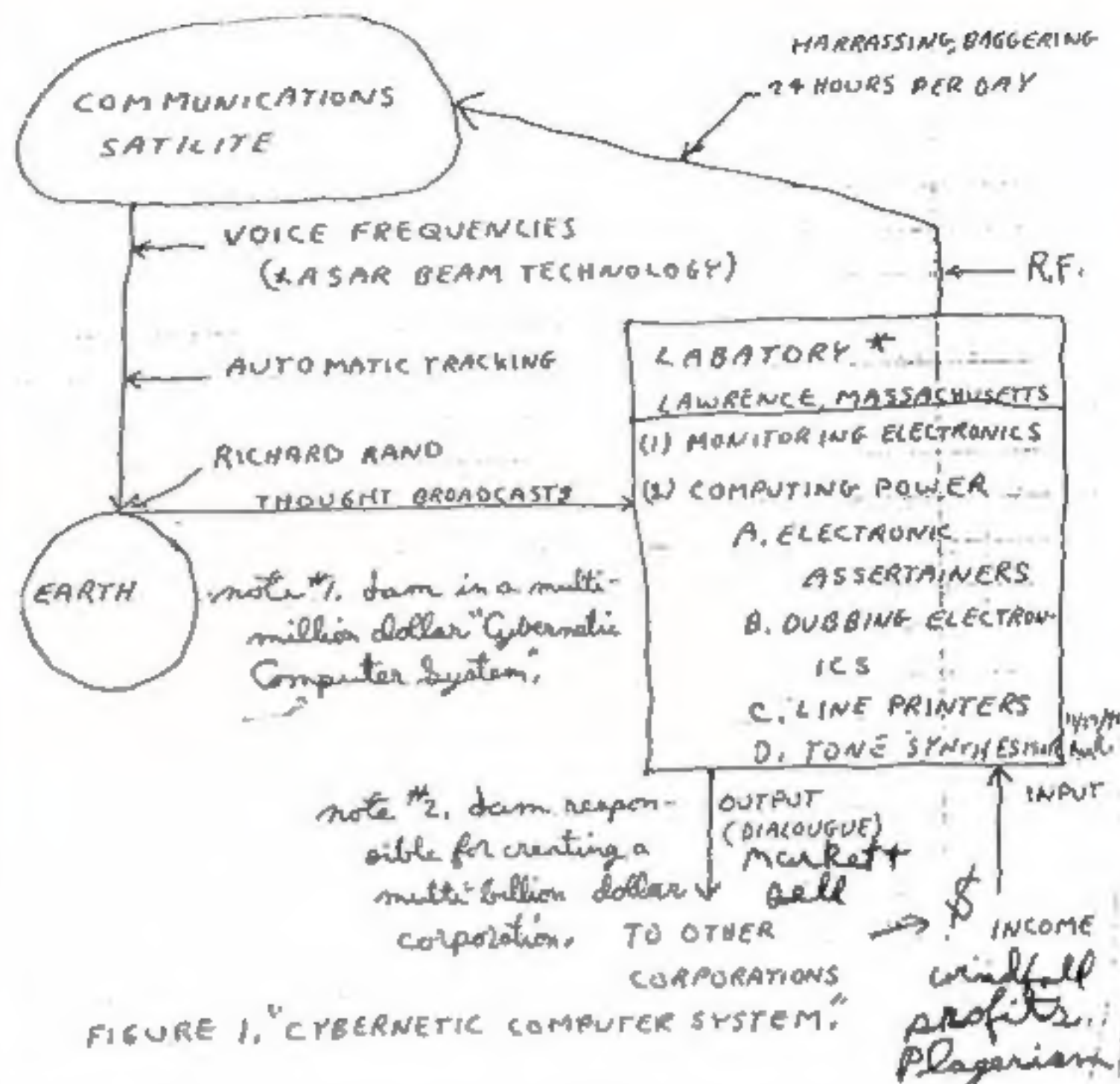


FIGURE 1, "CYBERNETIC COMPUTER SYSTEM,"

NOTE 1

- (1) VOICE FREQUENCIES ARE PROPAGATED TO EARTH FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE USING AN ADVANCED METHOD OF VOICE PROPAGATION SUCH AS LASAR BEAM TECHNOLOGY.
- (2) I AM A UNIQUE SPECIES OF HOMOSAPIAN THAT THOUGHT BROADCASTS,
- (3) COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE NOW BEING USED IN AN ATTEMPT TO TERMINATE ME

died from. I have an associates degree in electronic engineering technology and have studied business management.

RD: You are better educated than I am.

RR: Thank you. I'm trying every way I can think of to have the Cybernetic Computer System dismantled and get the women released--Lisa Ann Burnette--in whatever condition she is in, and the Prudential Insurance Company woman--in whatever condition she is in. Their voice boxes may have been removed. I'm very uncomfortable in this system and I really need money. I just hope this comes to an end and I can enjoy my freedom just like American citizens enjoy their freedom.

RD: I hope everything works out... I liked the posters and pictures of you in the soap box derby. How long ago were those pictures taken?

RR: They were taken on August 3rd, 1963. I won the New Hampshire Soap Box Derby. When I raced then, the derby was held on Central Ave. We used to use Rose Chevrolet Garage to bring our cars in and get them inspected.

RD: Did you ever have any serious crashes?

RR: My steering broke and I veered off of the road and into some spectators.

RD: Any serious injuries?

RR: No.

RD: That's good... Since we are a music magazine, I guess I should ask you what kind of music you listen to.

RR: I like the Motown record by Rod Stewart. I'd like to see Paula Abdul and Mariah Carey. When I was growing up I used to like Roy Orbison.

RD: Have you ever heard of Lisa Suckdog?

RR: Is she sadistic?

HEAD  
INPUT TO  
MY EAR VIA  
COMMUNICATIONS  
SATELLITE

SADISM

"Cybernetic Computer Systems  
Group", Laboratory in Lawrence, Mass  
Quote: "You May Like Mrs  
That Cuckold" / change in  
due to

sensation  
IN MY LEG.

MY  
LEG

Illustrations at  
left and above  
by Richard Rand



**SUBJECT: Psychiatry**

Yes folks, psychiatry is out there! Not always a totally optional doctor visit either.

I'll start from the beginning. Many have seen my "insanity" at an early age. Around eighth-grade I started to realize what life was and not what my parents pictured me. Teachers, parents, and other so-called authorities had noticed I had found my own morals. Arguments with teachers was a normal event. I am well aware of the things people are made of and am not impressed, so social outcastism has broken me away from the modern trends and popularity at school.

So I stand up for what I think is right to then realize it is a crime. Good ole Ma and Pa slapped me twice a week with dates with a counselor for my, in their eyes, destructive behavior.

I tried to work with those people for a while to explain my situation but it was just being analyzed into something totally different. For example, I believe that it is stupid to pledge to the flag and I will not stand to do so. I do not oppose our government, but I will not salute the flag that represents the acts of our system. This was somehow related to hell. "You are satanic," the counselor said. He told my parents, breaking the confidential agreement.

My counselor explained to me that nothing I say will be revealed to anyone, even my parents, unless I considered doing

harm to myself or someone else. LIES! Word of experimentation with alcohol found my parents. I could have sued. The only fault is it was an oral agreement.

After that, I didn't say one word to them my freshman year. They threatened me and told me I was to speak to someone or I would be institutionalized until I do so. I was scared, but still I would not speak. Totally careless of my future, I wanted to crawl under a rock.

My penpals are the reason I have not pumped lead into my head.

My sophomore year was the year to release this shell of fear and start my life. Still seeing counselors, psychiatrists, and doctors to waste their precious time through remaining silent. The few friends I made left to go other places. I had other influences on me who brought me happiness.

I'm a junior now and have noticed the absence of the shell. The counseling is coming to an end this October. (The counselors think they did the work.) I thank you for my happiness.

My advice is: anyone who practices the helping hand is armed with blades to saw it off.

Brian Morrissey, 3 Sunset Circle, Littleton NH 03561

*New Hampshire is a cultural Mecca.*

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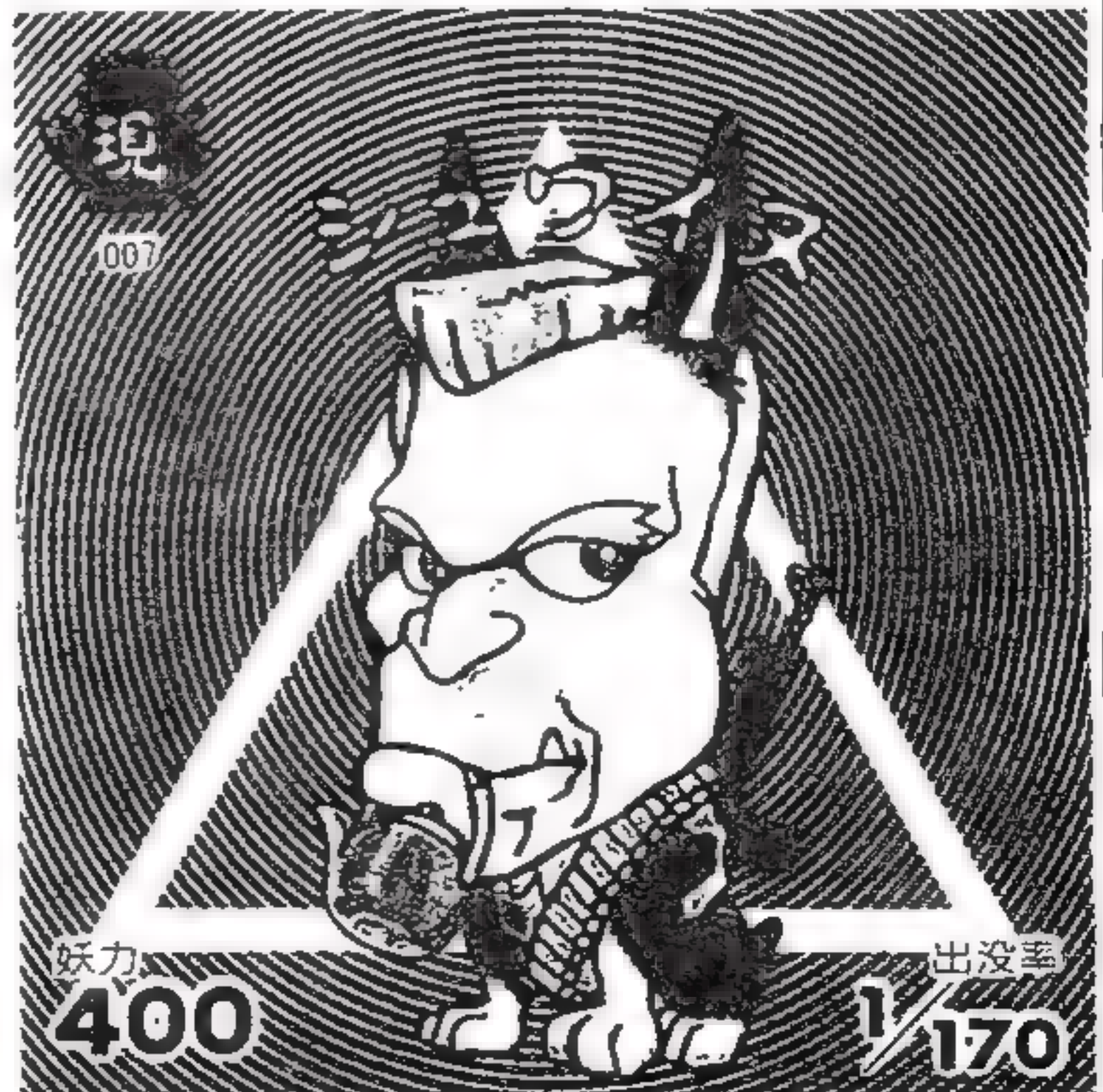
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## "Less Cool Than You Are"







# ON KILLING YOURSELF



*What's madness but nobility of the soul  
At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!*  
--Theodore Roethke

*In the night, we want to die  
We don't know why...  
But it is so good, so very good,  
A red, lavish, sinking feeling...*  
--The Bleak Twins

*Let's have some fun before I melt away.*  
--Frosty The Snowman

I saw my first-grade teacher die. She made a weird noise, dropped the chalk, clutched at her breast, and fell down, hitting her head against the cement that lined the bottom six inches of the wall. Her legs were open; we could see up her skirt. Blood came out of either the crack in her head or her open mouth. I can't remember which. It got onto one of her hands, and coagulated into red-black filaments stretched between the fingers like a spider web. The fingertips white with chalk-smut...

I wanted to examine much more closely this mystery I had just been allowed to peek at. I wanted to experience for myself this force so tremendous: death. From the solemn words and sympathetic tone the school nurse employed while sending us home, I picked up what my reaction to the exceptional happening of this day should be: tears. I managed to force a few out just before arriving home.

Death has always been an important part of my life. I especially admire people who commit suicide. I've been practicing it (suicide) for a long time. It's a complicated procedure that takes years to perfect: how to do it, where to do it, and what to say in your good-bye note.

During a storm, a man down my street was cut in two by a heavy metal door which flew off its hinges. I wouldn't like that. It's not death itself that I seek so much as the taking of a life. And since I don't feel I have the right to take anyone else's, I must take my own.

To throw myself in front of a truck has always been an exciting possibility. But it would be rude to waste the driver's whole day in filling out reports for his insurance company and the police, and to make him feel guilty for my death, which he couldn't know was really a wonderful fulfillment for me. Besides, I don't want to die all spread-out over city-owned concrete.

There is one death-by-water image which appeals to me: that very last moment, when my body would have sunk to the bottom of the lake, well-placed in the silt, pleasantly heavy, and I could perhaps watch

some fish swimming by as I died. But I don't think I would really like to die with water in my lungs. It wouldn't feel right.

I had a dream once in which I shot a bullet through each of my cheeks, and all my teeth burst out of their sockets, and they were floating in all the blood in my mouth, knocking against each other. That part was fine, but what happened next wasn't. Someone found me and brought me to the hospital, and my mother gave them permission to give me a lobotomy. So, the gun option is out.

As a kid, I was terrified of my hands. I felt they had a spirit not controlled by my mind, and that they would one day mutiny, and strangle me. Later in life, I would try to carry this idea out during times of distress. But it doesn't work -- one cannot strangle oneself to death.

I could hang myself. But I don't want my body helpless, my feet unable to reach the floor. I want control.

Knives and razors hold a real attraction for me, and have always been my weapon of choice. My favorite masturbation fantasy is to concentrate on the image of a knife puncturing and slicing down the skin that stretches over my ribs, gently, carefully, as if cutting a snowflake out of a piece of tissue paper.

The first time I tried to kill myself, I did it with a knife to the heart. I was eleven. I wanted to join God before it was too late. ("Too late" meaning I had reached that strange age -- eighteen? sixteen? -- my grandmother had warned me about, when I would suddenly know the difference between good and evil, and maybe choose the wrong one, dooming myself eternally.) A longing for and a terror of eternity dominated my childhood -- and my adulthood too. I felt already betrayed by this future, knowledgeable Lisa, whom I knew would choose the wrong path. I imagined that turning sixteen or eighteen would be like watching in horror a long-dormant disease erupting on my skin and taking over my mind. My grandmother assured me that at age eleven I could not possibly know the difference between good and evil, and that should I die now, I would fly straight to God, without a trial.

So I tried it.

Not much came of this attempt to jump-start my leap into God's arms. I didn't even get a scar.

*On a whim, I smash my beer bottle. I pick out the largest shard and thrust it into my left wrist. It stands upright, there in my wrist. I watch in fascination as rivulets of blood, fingers of a liquid hand, rush down my palm to trace a dividing*



line down each of my fingers, and then glide away, to be followed at once by fresh rivulets. The Belgian yelps, "Hih! hih! hih!" and squeezes the wrist, with the glass still in it, against his chest. Dawn eases in through a C-shaped tear in the window shade; shyly it licks the Belgian's ear, leaving a gray and yellow streak of saliva. I reach for the ear with my mouth. This is lovely.

That's how I wrote about it, when I wrote about it, because I didn't want to admit the truth: that my most serious suicide attempt, this almost-culmination of my most cherished fantasies, was done -- not in some unnamed room with some mysterious, gray-and-yellow-eared Belgian -- but at a party, with an American eighteen-year old named Trash, a fellow whom I never would have kissed, much less want to die with, had I not been perpetually zonked out of my brain on acid, alcohol, and lack of sleep the entire duration of our affair. I later found out that Trash fancied his not-ardent-enough love to be the cause of the events of that night. If only he had known what I was thinking as he squeezed my wrist against his chest in an effort to staunch the bleeding: "Ah well, it's too bad I have to die in this jerk's arms." I really thought I was dying. I was dimly aware of people hovering around me, asking each other whether someone should call the ambulance, whether they would be in trouble with the police, and if anyone knew my parents's phone number. I didn't care about their troubles. I felt peaceful and relaxed, though a little embarrassed at having crassly exposed my veins to all these strangers. And then not even my naked veins bothered me. I felt as if I were a baby born with no bones in my body and no one

could expect me to stand up or cover myself up or say anything. I liked it.

At the time, I thought I did it because I was unhappy with my life, but now as I look back on the circumstances directly preceding the thrusting of the beer bottle shard into my wrist, it occurs to me that it might simply have been the easiest way to avoid taking part in the orgy that one of the party-goers had suggested, an idea no one present seemed to object to. I wasn't in the mood, but I wasn't sure that that alone would qualify me for exemption. And I don't think it would have, because as I lay resting with my bandaged wrist at my side, I overheard the most determined of the orgy proponents -- who, incidentally, bore an amazing resemblance to Steve Albini -- asking Trash for permission to "make love" to me, as if asking the next of kin for permission to perform an operation.

To cover the scabs, I began my fashion habit of tying white silk ribbons into bows around my wrists. Very pretty.

Much as I liked to think about or practice dying by the blade, I knew I never would succeed. I enjoyed killing myself too much to ever actually let myself die, thus putting an end forever to these pleasurable activities. The touch of a razor to my skin would send such a very nice shiver up my spine that I would completely forget my intention of actually leaving this life.

So, when I was really sure one time that I did want to die, I decided to do it by an overdose of sleeping pills, but upon hearing the brisk, hearty tone of the receptionist, I changed my mind, and asked her to recommend a good psychiatrist instead.

This psychiatrist and I, over the next few months, analyzed my death wish so minutely that it would never again hold its vibrant and pure fascination of old, just sex loses much of



wonderfulness when its mechanics are separated and examined too closely.

Together, my psychiatrist and I decided that I think people are bad. Human beings are capable of realizing what they are, of wanting to be better, of making unreachable ideals for themselves. What thinking person could not come to be disappointed with, to



despise himself, to want to kill this spreader of evil which is himself? The only way to be content to go on living is to be blind to the harm one does, and to how inadequate one is. The hope of someday being as good and as natural as my cat keeps me from ending my life, but the realization that I have done evil, will do evil, and am evil and rotten forces me to attempt it (death) anyway.

"So...you think you deserve to die," said my psychiatrist to his wedding ring, while picking at it to make it project thin rays of light onto the ceiling, "because you 'have done evil' and are 'rotten', yet you also describe all of humanity as evil and rotten, so why should you in particular die?"

"We should all die," I suggested.

But I think my psychiatrist and I misunderstood me. It is not hate which makes me want to join the dead: it is love. A vague but powerful love of humanity, a swelling of the heart, a bright though misguided "nobility of the soul."

For instance, when Soviet President Gorbachev was ousted, the thought of this balding, charming, vacillating man being locked in a room and told "you won't be harmed" (always a menacing reassurance) caused a huge influx of (maternal?) love to fill me up. This love, along with a respect, painful in its intensity, for the passionate Russian people, who are always overthrowing each other, and who "in a really remarkable show of courage preserved their freedom" (National Public Radio, August 1991) (meaning they overthrew the overthrowers), made me want to join them (the rioting Muscovites) and save Gorbachev by some desperate self-sacrifice, some violent act. But what violent act could I commit? I would never

kick my cat, nor would I mug or harm any person -- even if I do disagree with their politics, so who else can I attack but myself? This is immature logic, I know. But the feeling, which could be likened to a surge of patriotism in a man with no country, is real.

Another time I felt the joyful urge to sacrifice my life was when I found out that "nothing made Rasputin happier than dancing". The image of The Holy Devil

twirling, dipping, and leaping like a child possessed my mind with so much force that I felt the vital need to either roll around on the floor, barking, or else to make a knife twirl, dip, and leap in and out of my flesh.

The day is on fire.

Lisa Crystal Carver

□

# ENDTABLES



Photo of Rigot by Bill Carner

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①

A'day you guys,

How are we all today?

Me, well I'm surviving (just). I'm here. Writing to you all to complement you on a real great job on your tape "Melissa" because it's just fantastic, and I really love listening to it over and over again. Also I'd like to know if I could join your fan club, and if so then I really would appreciate it! So what have you guys been up to lately? Me, what have I been up to? Well I've just been going down to the cemetery a lot by myself to indulge in death, because I find death very interesting especially when I know there's always a Satanic Cult going there to perform rituals, sacrifices etc. You see there's only one problem for me, and it's this "How Does one join a Satanic Cult, and how does one know where they live to join?" Because I'd really like to join in with what they do coz it doesn't bother me hurting/killing things because if I cut myself just to drink my own blood then imagine what I can do to animals and people! You see I love the taste of blood. I can NEVER get enough of it, I need more and more to fulfill me! So if you know of any I can join, please let me know and I'll be eternally grateful! Sorry about my writing too a.k? It's just that I cut my hand about two weeks ago to drink my blood and it hurts a bit still (but pain is good to me!) I wouldn't even mind if they (a cult) sacrificed me, seeing I'm a virgin with a need to kill (yep I'm a virgin, but hopefully I'll lose it one day). If you're in a cult may I join? Hey, I love all the songs on my tape "Melissa" and yes I'll go into your cabin and you'd like to become a lustuous child!

How old am I? I'm 18 years old at the moment but I turn

19 on the 28th December. What do I look like?

Let's see now, I have blue eyes that change to grey, I am 5'1" (five foot one) I weigh 57 kgs, I have long wavy

Red hair and a very Sadistic, Masochistic mind.

Yes I have all the essential bits for a woman to have (ie: Breasts

etc) So guys, what are your names? And how old

are you all? Hey, I don't care if you're Married, Divorced,

single etc, I just love you guys because you are all very

interesting people, whom I'd like to know better.

Love Forever

Melissa

XXXXX

## EYE

I must be the last fanzine editor in the U.S. to throw my 8 1/2 by 11 boogie board onto the Japanese noise wave. Actually, I've been trying to interview by mail The Genogenigegege -- two men who defecate, eat it, masturbate and play keyboards -- for about a YEAR now, but instead of answering my questions, The Genogenigegege continually send postcards brimming with effusive yet cryptic statements, such as: "I hope me & you are very good communications and revolutions!!!!", which was nice to hear, but in the meantime this issue's deadline had long since come and gone, so imagine my joy when Bill Smog came home from touring and he had Eye Yamatsuka's (Bonedoms, Hanatanashi, UFO on Die) phone number clutched in his hand! Unfortunately, I didn't have much time to prepare, so I could only think up one question to ask him.

EYE: Hullo. This is Eye.

LISA: Hi.

EYE: Nice to talk to you. I want interview you, but now translator can't make plan.

LISA: I want to interview you.

EYE: Oh ho! Oh, ye-e-es, really.

LISA: Are you tired?

EYE: A little.

LISA: What time do you go to sleep at night?

EYE: Maybe...oh...three or four o'clock.

LISA: You live decadently.

EYE: Today...yesterday don't sleep.

LISA: That is a thrilling life.

EYE: Oh no -- because time lag.

LISA: Oh, jet lag. When did you come to the United States?

EYE: December twelve.

LISA: Two days ago. So you're fresh.

EYE: No no -- sad.

LISA: Why are you sad?

EYE: Ye-e-es. Do you remember me?

LISA: Of course I remember you.

EYE: We had our picture in New York.

LISA: Here's my first question: I want to know how you got to be such a sexy devil.

EYE: Uh...me?

LISA: Yes.

EYE: Oh no. No no no.

CONT. PG. 18

ILLUSTRATION FACING PG. CALLAHAN







## JUSTICE!

Mick Mercer, ex-writer for British weekly music paper Melody Maker, started his own magazine, Siren, and asked Lisa Carver to write a paid column for it, and sent her contracts. Siren has now printed four of Lisa's articles, which she wrote specifically for Siren, and without paying her a cent. Siren is a glossy full-color magazine similar to Spin, with full-page ads from Terminator 2, Fruit of the Loom, Winston cigarettes, just to name three. After Lisa finally stopped sending them articles, Mick asked the editor of Ugly American if he could reprint her articles from that magazine (so he could get even more of her stuff without paying for it.) (The UA editor declined.) If you want justice, please write a letter (50¢) or postcard (40¢) to: Mick Mercer, Pegasus Publishing Ltd., Bradford Court, Bradford St., Birmingham, B12 0NS, ENGLAND, telling him to pay Lisa what they promised her

## Lisa's Roommate

Lisa here. Anyone managing to receive a reply from Mr. Mercer (concerning me and his thievish ways) will receive either a kiss from me or 50¢ off the next issue of Rollenderby; whichever fits your lifestyle best. (Forward the letter to me.) Thanks for helping to teach Mr. Mercer that he has cheated the WRONG WOMAN.

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## EYE YAMATSUKA inclusive interview cont.

LISA: Yes.

EYE: Oh thank you very much. Thank you very, very much. I want your telephone number.

LISA: You have my telephone number.

EYE: Uh! Already. I will call...but I can't...english...

LISA: I like bad english.

EYE: Oh yes. Ah.

LISA: Come to Boston.

EYE: Last month. I'm now New York.

LISA: Take a train to Boston and I'll take a train to Boston and we'll have a date.

EYE: I want to go.

LISA: Good. It will be fun. I'm so excited.

EYE: Excited? Oh ho ho, yes. Oh, I am too. I'm very.

TONY (who is playing bass on this UFO OR DIE U.S. tour): You're going to go to Japan soon. Eye wants to help you.

LISA: Is Suckdog going to have troubles there with being shut down?

TONY: (To Eye) Do you think Lisa band have problem live house in Japan lights will turn off, police? (To Lisa) He says of course. Sure. Police will come and take you away in handcuffs.

LISA: I can't wait to play there. Does Eye want to play Jack the Ripper in the show?

TONY: He "wants to try-try", but he doesn't have confidence. He doesn't understand your performance style. He said, "Rapist?"

LISA: This is the guy who was whipping a circular saw around the audience and who said, "This is war and love will destroy the world," and now he doesn't want to play Jack the Ripper?

TONY: Yes, but that's image, and he's really...uh...

LISA: Shy.

TONY: Exactly. I wanted to say that, but I didn't know if I should.

LISA: Shyness is normal for this type of performer, I think.

TONY: And it attracts you more.

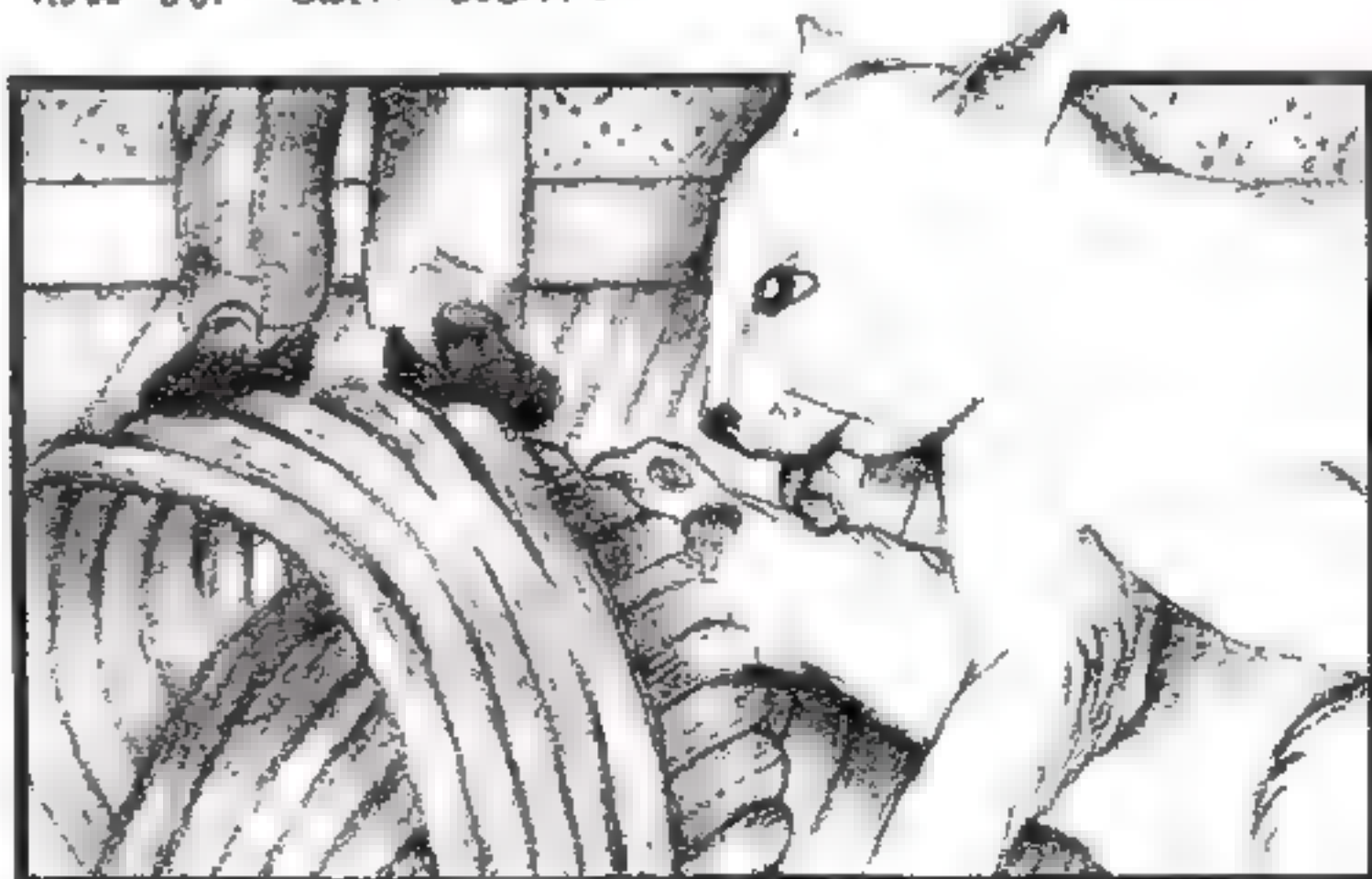
LISA: Why, yes, it does. Let me talk to Eye.

EYE: Hi.

LISA: Do you know what a date is?

EYE: Dave F.?

Stay tuned for next issue when I will tell you how our date went!





My father and I were swimming naked in a pond. I was very much afraid, because of many sunken rowboats. He convinced me that it was safe to swim above them, and even to look at them, because the pond was free of underwater growth--there were nothing but rocks and leaves around the boats. We swam to the other side, getting out onto a dock upon which stood a very old, light blue Winnebago. My mother and sister were waiting inside for us. There, space was appropriately narrow, but endlessly long, and it had many bathrooms and sitting rooms, all light blue and decorated with gold glitter mirrors, plaster cupids, and plastic vines surrounding large white candles. We were moving to a farming colony at the base of a hill.

In the new mobile home village, my husband waited for me. He threw a party upon my arrival, presenting me to my new friends topless, with his arms reaching around me, holding up my cold hard breasts as an introduction. I wanted to fuck a man at this party I suspected I knew, and I sat close to him, letting him admire my breasts, but I did not touch him, because of my marriedness.

An ancient one true love arrived, however. We also pressed close to each other, erect, though restrained from kissing. I was to meet him at dawn. He lived on top of the hill.

I waited at the farm on the hill for an hour, playing with the black sheep there, which either were or were not this lover's. I could have entered his shack. It had only a cot and many papers and cassettes. He stood in the middle of the room wearing only a shirt, and a music box on his shoulder. Our fucking was done by me taking off my pants, and just jumping on his back every couple of minutes, wrapping my legs around his waist.

At eight p.m. my sister quietly knocked on the door, to call me back from my depravity to my conjugal life. She did not seem pleased at either my affair or the interrupting of it. We went down the hill. My husband did not forgive me.

We were thrown off a boat though we no longer knew each other, and sentenced to live on a tropical and uninhabited island for five years, as we were adulterous assholes. Thankfully this time went by quickly, as it was dreamed. The dreams said to me names and situations. "Gertrude Stein," again and again, separated finally and the Gertrude became a fat stretching frown while Stein was just an insignificant lower lip. Then, I was a travel log, and it seemed obvious to think that glamour was just the thin layer of frost covering the sleeping face of the ape who was this woman. I imagined I was trying to convince my baby's son that there was a difference between my blood and corn on the cob. There was lots of sadness after that, lots of cars driving around in this dead sand.

My hair was like a hearth broom; I made coffee accidentally, in the middle of every day, which I swallowed from pumpkin-flavored acid cups; Marys and Madonnas floated around me, me the central mechanism of a tilt-a-whirl which equalled the world; still, this was starvation, and since there was hope for my recovery, I was invited to live with a baker after my five years, as his saleswoman. I did babysitting on the side. When parents came for their children, I gave them a tour of the many rooms, all with one painting in each that was available for sale. The baker walked behind us always, invisibly, smacking a checkbook against his hand. One couple was rather uninterested in this sort of obscene art of inseparable dough and flesh, but was very willing to purchase our six-foot tricycle, which was handcrafted in 1930 for a child larger than most. I sent them out with a sad report of their child's behavior before going to my bedroom, which contained nothing but a window and a springy bed of whipped cream. Two friends came in moping that they were unable to buy a cat because they couldn't afford to hire an old woman to pick its asshole clean. I eventually said, "Hey, why don't I move in with you and I'll do the cat-cleaning instead of paying rent?" They were astounded at my generosity.

A woman named Melinda was not. When she asked me in a dark hall who I hated most, I said without thought, "Melinda". I realized by her face my error, and hugged her again and again, with laughs and tears, as my apology. She said I must redeem myself by publishing a pamphlet of all the reasons for hating her. Upon seeing it, she admitted that she'd always hated me also, but that my booklet was so funny that she no longer did. However, she quickly forgot all about my redemption and her new opinion, and I ran into her many times every day, each time greeted with shrieks, kicks, and humiliation in front of my peers.



Author Melissa Jasper can be reached at Tray Full of Lab Mice, POBox 356, Durham NH 03824.



## RECORD REVIEWS: I've Finally Found My Calling In Life

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the man with  
the uni-brow.

Thanks.

**BRICK LAYER CAKE** Call It a Day (Touch and Go)

Pretty tense. Every guitar note is held ominously. The drums resound sorrowful warning. A man who's seen it all squeezes out words like each one is the reading of a pronouncement. The final letter of the word is spit out lingeringly, yet still decisively -- you know, drop/p/p -- this is the judge's very last bit of ugly verdict, and he wants to make it last.

Does the preceding paragraph make you think of Black Sabbath? Well, here's what I think about Black Sabbath and Brick Layer Cake: Sabbath were describing reality as they saw it; Cake are trying to be fantastic, and are painting everything black. Sabbath were frightened; Cake are trying to be frightening. Sabbath felt disgust; Cake feel angst.

"Killer" is the best, truest song on Call It a Day, and most deserving of all this direful atmosphere: a story about a third-grade relationship gone bad. But I'm going to reprint some of the words to "Sitting Pretty" instead, just because I've generally found men to be reticent on stuff like clothes, so I'm always happy to hear a man's opinion on the whole thing. "I'm a fashion plate/of the USA/oh so miserably/I'm a style-conscious slave/of the trade of lingerie/of the whole industry/I know where it began/I know where it will end/And when it does I'll see you on your knees/with a tub of aspirin/If you can name it/it's a habit/Would I give you all a second look/put you in a book/You know I would/I invented it/over a cigarette/and I cornered the whole market/I reinvented it/over another cigarette/and I lied, I lied about it."

**EL CHAIN GANG** "Kill for You" + 3 double 7" (Matador)

You know that aging punk rock turned scum rock, motorcycle jacketed, sunglassioed, gun-toting, needle-shooting, choking-their-friend-with-a-wire, in-a-band-with-three-other-guys type? Oh, you do? I'm sorry.

No, actually, I am sorry. It's not fair to judge a band by their cover photo. OK, I'll start over. Um...there is, at times, an Alex Chiltonesque drawl to El Chain Gang's vocals and music. But, oh jeezum, I cannot stand people that are so transparently trying so hard to be rebellious.

At least Matador doesn't send out press kits.

**DEAD CAN DANCE** A Passage In Time (Ryko/4AD)

A sort of Greatest Hits.

An eclectic assortment of instruments, including violin, snake charmer, harp and yang t'chin, that move together perfectly. Riding on this wave of music is Lisa Gerrard, sometimes pushing it forward, sometimes allowing herself to be pulled down and twirled in the undertow. Her voice is delicate and strong, sensual and cold, subtle and overwhelming. The percussion beats staples into your heart while the lilting strings allow your body to levitate. It is confusion of the senses.

Somebody tell Brendan Perry to be quiet. His unrelenting, pontifical utopianism is sickening. Maybe one of the reasons Lisa Gerrard never fails to charm is that she never sings in english.

**DINOSAUR JR** Whatever's Cool With Me (Sire)

J Mascis is "known variously for his 'amazingly potent apathy,' his 'comically sparse' chat and his addiction to daytime television and downhill skiing...(and is) by far the best rock has come up with in its attempt to design a character for the end of a century, the end of a millenium." --Sire press release. What a bunch of self-indulgent, self-conscious, lazy losers we are.

**HIS NAME IS ALIVE** Home Is In Your Head (4AD)

Atmospheric, accomplished, insubstantial. There is talk of bandleader Warren Defever being a genius and vocalists Karin Oliver and Angela Carozzo possessing the voices of angels, but I hear a clinical genius, clinical angels. His Name Is Alive sounds like it is born and leads its entire existence in the studio.

Some interesting little things are done with guitar and tape loops, interrupted by bursts of hardness, pleasing because they're surprising. But on second



listen, even the bursts of noise sound premeditated, carefully controlled. The method is too obvious on this entire record.

As always with 4AD, comes with lush packaging. But what I want to know is -- why didn't I get one of Press Mistress Vicky Wheeler's famed flirty notes with my 4AD package?

**DANIEL JOHNSTON** Live at SXSW (Stress)

Stress Record's unaffected production is the best representation of Daniel Johnston's sweet, ardent, and questioning heart.

This cassette includes live versions of Daniel's hits, such as "Casper", "Do You Really Love Me?", and "Museum of Love", taken from three concerts. The reaction of the audience at Palmer Auditorium is weird.

They scream at Daniel's naive guitar playing; they shout "YEAH!!" when his shaky, straining, breaking voice tries extra hard; they whistle and clap with a frenzy normally found only at Kiss or New Kids on the Block concerts.

**KING KONG** Old Man on the Bridge (Homestead)

A pantheist with the power of monotone.

**EDDIE MONEY** Right Here (CBS)

The hit of this record is "Another Nice Day in L.A.," which Eddie describes as "sort of a tongue-in-cheek satire" (as opposed to sort of a non tongue-in-cheek satire, I guess.) The song is a string of original observations on Tinseltown, such as: "Girls in tight pants/want to be stars," and equates car phones with "no one giving a damn about each other." (Oh yeah?) Soaring guitar solos lead up to the intense, especially emotional parts, which we can tell are intense and emotional because they have triple vocal tracks.

WHO made this moron a superstar? I asked my homeroom who would have sex with Eddie Money, and only my friend Kristine answered in the affirmative.

"Why, Kristine? His mouth hangs down to his neck on one side and he flaps his hands; that's not your type -- you only like handsome men."

"He's rich!"

"Does that make him handsome?"

"Yup." (Kristine does not mess around with rhetoric.)

OK. So now we've figured out Eddie's sex appeal. But still...**artistic appeal?** Eddie claims his popularity comes from his "distinctive voice". Yeah -- that easily recognizable voice of a toothless neanderthal with a Bronx accent, straining to reach notes that aren't attractive to anyone that has stopped attending seventh-grade dances. In Drunks With Guns this approach works real well. But Drunks' singer Mike cultivates a stupid stance -- after listening to a two-hour Eddie Money interview last night, I realized that in Eddie's case, the stupidity is **real**. I guess America really **does** want "the real thing".

**THE QUEER PILLS** "65 Kinds of Sin" +2 (How To Contact Space People Records)

If I were to pick one title out of all of Dostoyevsky's short stories and novels to describe this Queer Pills 7", it would be A Raw Youth. Why I'd be picking out a Dostoyevsky title to describe The Queer Pills, I don't know.

I'm not sure if these songs would have the same excitement if someone in the mixing booth had realized that the microphone level was much too high, and "fixed" it. But, as it is, it's really perfect -- the kind of music that you drive around nowhere to; have sex with someone you don't like to; drink beer, get sick, and pass out to; and do everything else youths do to.

**SLAYER** Decade of Aggression: Live (Def American)

It was the onset of my flu. I was in bed with the blankets up to my chin. By my side were a box of tissues, a jug of water, a book and my cat. And a stereo, into which I popped the first of the Slayer double cassette set. By the end of the first song -- "Hell Awaits" -- the cat's ears were back and her eyes were so green...she looked truly demonic. By the end of the second song, she had left the bed, and so had I. New power had been infused by Slayer into my white blood cell soldiers, and they had annihilated the enemy virus, taking no prisoners. I felt capable of anything -- but really, anything.



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R IS FOR REACTIONARY



Yet another band taking time out from their busy schedule of liquor-drinking, cigarette-puffing, poker-playing, and gun-reloading to look up for a photo: it's...



**THEE HYPNOTICS** Soul, Glitter & Sin (Beggars Banquet)

From the press kit: "The car accident that Thee Hypnotics lived through in the fall of 1990 would have sent most bands running for the nearest living room corner, strumming acoustic guitars, singing friendly ditties about spiritual awakenings and tales of Jesus becoming a roommate." (If you haven't figured it out already, Rollerderby readers, the accident had a different effect on Thee Hypnotics:) "...it sired an almost out-of-body desire to kick out the jams in never-explored ways...(and caused the group to record a CD that burn(s) like alcohol in the eyes...."

Oh, stop lying! Everyone I know has lived through a car wreck, and not one of them started singing about Jesus becoming a roommate after, unless they were wont to do so before as well. Furthermore, I listened to this entire CD without having to run to the bathroom to flush my eyes once.

Just in case no one has already done it, I would like to take this opportunity to tell you A&R people that you don't have to write that way. (Boy, I'm really doing well on my new plan to get tons of ads from record companies, huh?)

Soul, Glitter & Sin starts off with a half-whispered, yet still incredibly loud and, one might say if one is so inclined, rocking tune, with the urgency of the James Bond theme song. I wouldn't say, however, that these jams are kicked out in never-explored ways. The Stooges, I think, have pretty much explored the entire area. But it's worth re-exploring, and Thee Hypnotics do an excellent job of it.

**VARIOUS** Ghost of a Rollercoaster (Shrimper 7" compilation)

SHOEFACE do a great punk rock tune with a magnificent beginning: "I hate the government/Fuck you/Fuck me up the ass." But this man cannot then go on to explain why he hates the government, because he is so angry that, after he gets out the line "Fuck me up the ass," he can only growl, howl, and -- now, this reviewer can't say positively, as she wasn't there -- but she feels sure that the singer was, by the end of the song, reduced to bubbling at the mouth.

FRANKLIN BRUNO, however, has no trouble at all getting words out. In "Lifetime Seance" he has created delicate yet brilliant and indelible images, to which there are many possible interpretations. One of these will fit your life exactly. And such a pretty melody. Such a song.

SENTRIDOH's version of "Me and My Arrow" is sometimes amusing, sometimes trying. Lou and friends should be wary of smoking so much pot. Marijuana is perhaps the only drug in the world that makes its users boring.

HALO do a quick guitar hypnotism; JIM BISHOP's piano gets perky; GUFFNEY leave a chilling sing-song message on somebody's answering machine, accompanied by what sounds like a sanza; REFRIGERATOR search for a "Map to the Stars"; SAT NAM PUPPETS experiment with toy instruments; and WCKR SPGT sing their hearts out to a "Fluffy Cat".

This reviewer cannot remember when she last had such a wonderful time listening to a record.

**WEIRD PAUL** Lo Fidelity, Hi Anxiety (Homestead)

Two slender, nerdy young fellows sing in rhyme about not especially metaphysical stuff, like someone named Tom eating a banana, or Scott Baio being "seen at the Pink Dot convenience store buying twelve cans of tuna and a carton of cigarettes", accompanying themselves with upbeat, Ramonesy music.

With the exception of warbly guest star Jennifer McFeely's touching (I mean that) song about mean teens feeding squirrels fire, Lo Fidelity, Hi Anxiety is goofy, small, unimportant; made by people trying hard to be "weird".

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 (The other labels's records can be found in any record store.)

If these reviews are predominantly of indie rock, it's not because that is my favorite music genre; it's because those are the promos that showed up in my mailbox. Send me country & western albums, new age, acid house, t-shirts, videos, or new lines of crockery -- I'll review them all.



# TWO MARVY MAGAZINES BEGINNING WITH "B"

**BANANAFISH** is so goddam elite, you can't even find out the issue number. And even if they did list the price (which they don't), there's no name for you to make the check out to. And the entire staff lies (or maybe it's called irony.) What you do find here is: ten riveting pages on Eye Yamatsuka, who drove a tractor through the wall of a performance space, among other feats, and who also has a great sense of humor. Nine pages devoted to Raymond and Peter, two mean old derelicts living together, recorded by Eddie Lee Sausage,

RAYMOND: Hey, listen, you fucking piece of shit...

PETER: I don't want to talk to you... please...

RAYMOND: Good, then shut your fuckin' mouth. If you wanna talk to me then shut your fuckin' mouth.

PETER: You're the one who's talking, not me.

RAYMOND: Good, then shut your fuckin' mouth, you cocksucker. I ain't gonna talk to you, you goddamn piece of fuckin' shit. Shut your fuckin' mouth. You ain't nothing but a piece of shit. Shut your fuckin' mouth. Goddamn fuckin' asshole motherfucker. You ain't a human being, you're a fuckin' dog and I despise you. I despise any fuckin' dog like you. Cocksucker. I wish you were dead. Dirty son of a bitch. You ain't a human being, you're a fuckin' dog. Shut your fuckin' mouth, you goddamn piece of shit.

who lived in the apartment next to their's for seventeen months. Illustrations by Darcy Megan Stanger and Rougeux, fiction, a fucking odd letter section, a revealing Royal Trux interview, plus. 72 pgs. Comes with 7".

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**BEN IS DEAD** features helpful tips on shoplifting and bomb-building. Saucy reviews that don't let anyone get away with anything. A member of Church of War spouting off some bullshit big-worded theories on artists being "completely above the vast hoard of humanity..." and priding himself out loud on his ability to "cause people nervous breakdowns, ulcers, (and to make them leave) town." The most abrasive of the recent flux of Loud Courtney Hole interviews, along with yet another pretty dress on Courtney. Articles on media manipulation, health food, bulimia. Gossip. Grammar corrections. If Rollerderby were a person, Ben Is Dead would be its dream date. 56 pgs. \$2

P.O. BOX 3166, HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

## Revenge Tip #10



### MAYBE YOU NEED A NEW STEREO?

A great way to get back at a roommate who makes your life miserable is to select some of their favorite records from their collection, and, when they're not home, drill the hole in each of them a little bigger than normal. The record will either sound totally warped, or the needle will just drag right across it, making it unlistenable. (Ivy)



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◆ NEW VOCAB WORD: *Ultrastar*. It means "a person who is a celebrity within a certain circle but is unlikely to crossover because what they do is too unorthodox for the average bone," according to Stately Wayne Manon, who invented it. Stately is a musician, writer, living legend, model, world champ, humorist, idol of millions, genius, Rollenderby subscriber, and, of course, ultrastar. The Sun and The NEWS voted him "The World's Most Conceited Man".





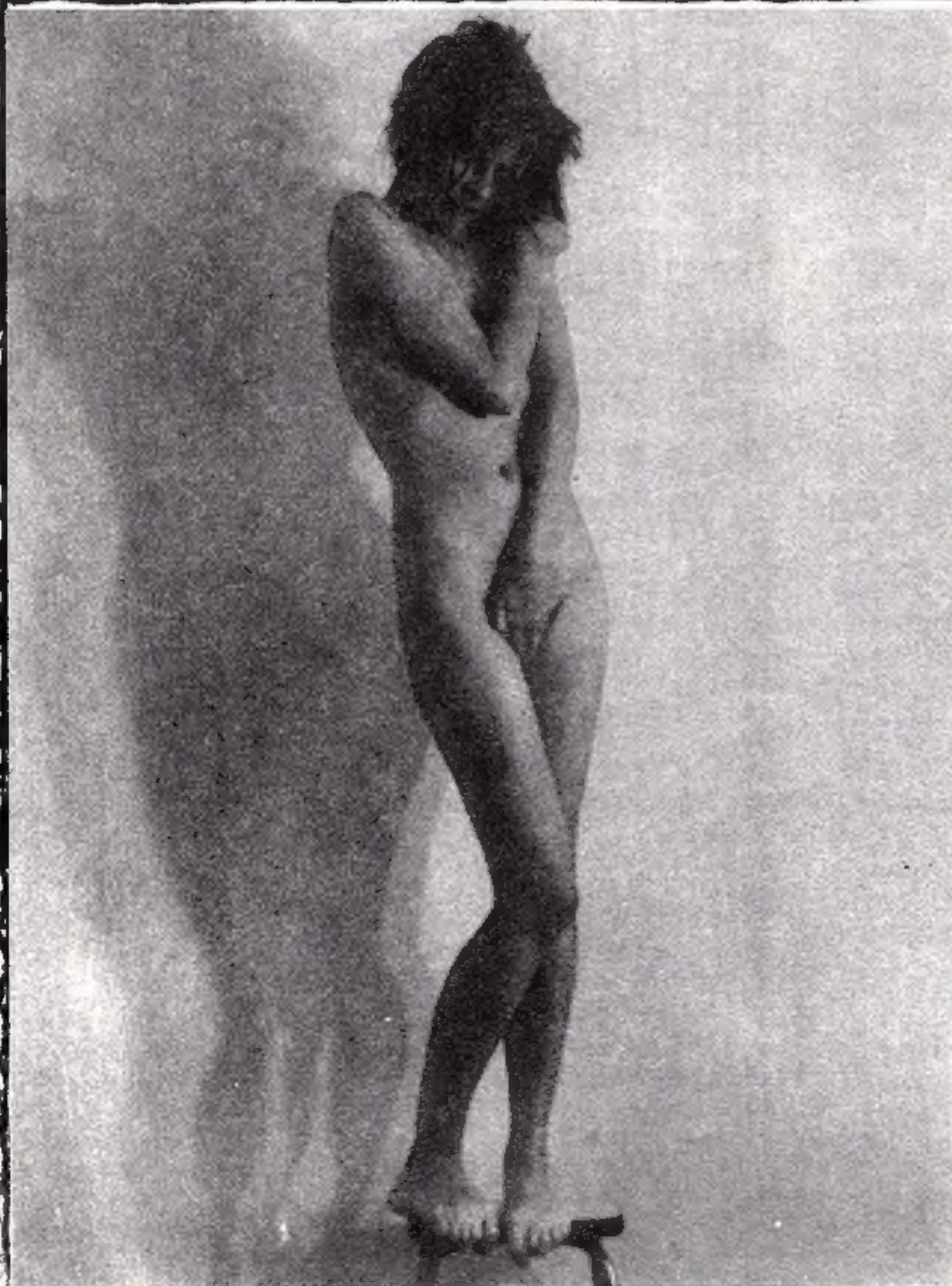
SLAYER



Why are these men so aggressive?



It's on page 21. Not that it will tell you why or anything, but it is a good page.



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